THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS. $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOLUME III. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1887. NUMBER 2.

TIME TABLE

Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway,

(Standard time 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)

No. 1 leaves Mt. Stealing at 7 A. M., arrives at Rothwell at 8.40 A. M.
No. 2 leaves Rothwell at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10.50 A. M.
No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1.40 P. M., arrives at Rothwell at 3.20 P. M.
No. 4 leaves Rothwell at 3.45 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5.30 P. M.
No. 2 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. and 1.57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway for Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.
No 3 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1.36 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.

Montgomery county court day special leaves Rothwell on the 3rd Monday in each month at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. Returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 3 P. M., arriving at Rothwell at 4.30 P. M. Leaves Rothwell for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.

GEO. B. HARPER, Supt.

JOHN H. EVANS,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Examiner of Depositions for Wolfe county,
Respectfully solicitis the patronage of the public, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Menifee and Breathitt counties.
Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

JO. C. LYKINS,
County Attorney, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public
Practices in all Courts in Wolfe and Adjoining Counties, and Court of Appeals.
Collections a Specialty.
CAMPTON, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

W. T. SWANGO,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Deputy County Court Clerk of Wolfe,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and dispatch.

GEO. E. WHITT,
Of Elliott County,
WITH
Henry Knoefel & Co.,
210 W. Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Solicits the patronage of Eastern Kentucky for Blank Books, Blanks, &c.

J. B. TAULBEE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Office over W. T. Caskey's store. Office hours—8 to 11 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
All calls attended to day or night.

COMBS HOUSE,
CAMPTON, KY.
S. S. COMBS. PROPRIETOR.
The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention for the comfort of guests.

PIERATT HOUSE.
"The New Phœnix."
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
J. H. Pieratt, Proprietor.
I am now running "the little hotel around the corner" on Broadway, and respectfully invite my former patrons and traveling people generally to "call und ead und shleeb by my blace." J. H. PIERATT.

PALACE HOTEL,
FRENCHBURG, KY.
J. H. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully invited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

S. B. TOWNSEND,
WITH
Wm. H. Fullerton,
JOBBER OF
Hats, Caps, Straw Goods,
Gloves and Umbrellas,
CHILLICOTHE, O.

NOTICE!

The Building Committee of Wolfe county will receive sealed bids up to 12 o'clock M.

On the Frst Monday in April, 1887,

for the building of a Court House for said county. For terms, plans and specifications, call on or address the Committee at Campton.

This March 7, 1887.

G. B. SWANGO,
JOSEPH C. LYKINS, } Committee.
S. S. COMBS, n14t

JOE R. TURNER,
Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTING
Green, Huffaker & Co.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
615 W. Main St.. LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Will be at Mt. Sterling every County Court.

J. P. ROGERS,
WITH
SHIPLEY, DOISY & CO.,
DRY GOODS,
Cor. 4th and Elm Streets,
CINCINNATI, : : OHIO

Commercial College of Ky. University, Lexington, Ky.
The Cheapest and Best Business College in the World.
Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges, at the World's Exposition, for System of Book-Keeping and General Business Education. 8000 Graduates in Business. 10 Teachers employed. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Stationery and Board, about $90. Short-Hand, Type-Writing and Telegraphy, specialties. No Vacation. Enter Now. Graduates Guaranteed Success. For circulars address W. R. SMITH, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

THE :: HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State, and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Advertising Rates.

Transient advertisements, 75 cents an inch first insertion; 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 1 year...$ 5.00	4 inches, 1 year, $15.00
2 inches, 1 year, 9.00	5 inches, 1 year, 17.50
3 inches, 1 year, 12.00	6 inches, 1 year, 20.00

Special rates on larger advertisements; local notices 5c. a line, with 5 per cent. off for long time.

Marriage and death notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, $10; County offices, $5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Lane Taulbee is visiting the family of her brother, at this place.

Mrs. Mary A. Taulbee was visiting her son Dr. J. B. Taulbee and family last week.

Born—To the wife of Dr. J. B Taulbee, on Tuesday, the 8th inst., a girl—Amelia Lane.

Farmer Adams of Magoffin county is visiting the family of his brother John at this place.

J. Z. Haney of Bethsalem, Morgan county, who has been attending the Central University at Richmond, Ky., for several months, is at home on a visit.

A letter from Hon, W. P. Taulbee states that he can not leave for home for several days owing to his wife's health, she having been confined to her bed for a month or more.

J. T. Day is beautifying and improving his property in Hazel Green in a manner truly encouraging. Taylor evidently has great faith in the boom soon to strike this place, and wants to be abreast with it.

John M. Rose, of Stillwater, has moved into the dwelling he recently purchased of Hon. D. S. Godsey at this place, and is now a full-fledged citizen of Hazel Green. We welcome Mr. Rose and his amiable wife to our town.

J. B. Davis, recently from White Oak, Morgan county, has located in our town and formed a partnership with Frank Tyler. The syndicate will carry on blacksmithing and wagon-making in all its varied details, and purpose advertising in these columns next week.

One year ago Dr. Tanlbee, of this place, purchased two young peach trees, two and a half feet in length, from the Knoxville Nursery. He transplanted them in his garden, and they now contain forty-four well developed blossoms, which bid fair for as many peaches when peach time comes.

Rev. James Little preached in the Presbyterian Church at this place last Sunday morning and evening, and good congregations assembled on both occasions. He informed us that he would preach at the Middle Fork Church in Breathitt on the third (next) Sunday and at Jackson on the fourth Sunday.

Judge W. W. Cox, of West Liberty, visited his mother, Mrs. Louisa Cox, last week. Mrs. Cox is 83 years old and in feeble health. She is the last living representative of the old Trimble family, and when called to rest will go crowned with christasn honors, loved by all, and worthy the plaudit "well done thou good and fathful one."

Robt. Cummins, known as "Uncle Bob," who has conducted a thriving boot and shoe building business at West Liberty for ten years, has located with us, and says our good people shall be "rough shod and smooth shaven" henceforth forever. We'll try a sample of both the trades he plies, just as soon as he sees cause to advertise.

Two very interesting letters from West Liberty and Grassy Creek, respectively, are unavoidably crowded out of this issue, because the columns were filled before they reached us. Our correspondents will confer a very great favor upon us and insure the insertion of their favors if they will have their letters reach us sometime in the latter part of the week previous to publication day. In many cases (like the present) it is impossible to use them when they come as late as Monday.

J. G. Trimble, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity. He informs us thas the branch road of the Charleston, Kentucky and Western will run by way of Hazel Green, Salyersville, and Prestonsburg. He also informed us that Mr. Spaulding, the representative of the company, told him that a corps of engineers would begin the survey for the road in April. It may be set down as a certainty, therefore, that Hazel Green will have a railroad inside of two years, possibly within eighteen months.

Jno. Spaniard Nickell was last week the recipient of a fine double barrel breech-loading shotgun, shells, tools for reloading shells, &c. It was the gift of Messrs. Phip Winn, Ed. Jouett, John McClintock and Jas. Reese, of Winchester, Ky., the gentlemen who were here last fall bird hunting, and was presented as an appreciation of his courtesy in acting as their guide while here. Mr. N. is proud of his present, and the donors may be assured that his gratitude will be lifelong- Moral—It generally pays to accommodate strangers, for you may entertain angels when you know it not, though we'll not take the responsibility of avering that Jim Reese or any of the above quartette belong to that class, though some may think 'em so.

On Monday night, the 7th inst., Mr. Wm. Osborn. of Daysborough, and Mr. Newton Wiiliams, living on Rocky Branch in this county, engaged in an altercation at the latter's house, in which Osborn received two serious cuts, inflicted w th a large pocket knife. At first it was rumored that the wounds would prove fatal, but on Saturday last the wounded man rode horseback to his home. As to the origin of the trouble, there is conflicting reports. Williams gave himself up to the Sheriff the morning after the difficulty, and claimed self-defence for his act. Osborn not being able to go into trial, Williams was held to an examining court in the sum of $500. Osborn claims that he was pulled from his horse by three men and then cut. A brother of Williams', whose name we did not learn, and a man named Creech were arrested as accessories, and held to appear at the trial, which is set for today, when the testimony in the case will doubtless establish the facts in regard to the matter.

Reese B. Kash, of Owingsville, was in town last week and purchased a nice bunch of shoats, paying about three cents a pound for them. We are delighted to say that most all of the town hogs went off on the excursion. Gov. Hazelrigg, of West Liberty, doubtless agrees with us that "it is a consummation devoutly to be wished" to have a fellow come along and buy up and take the town hog to "pastures new," where he may roll and root to his heart's content, while we escape the necessity of having to flea every time we come within range.

Many subscriptions expire with the present issue, last week's paper and the present one making up the fifty-two issues we contracted to give them. We sincerely hope every one will renew promptly, and induce their neighbors not now taking the paper to do so at once. We can accomplish much for this section if the people will support us, and no effort will be spared to make the paper a welcome visitor in every household.

J. D. Montgomery, of Tennessee, will be at J. G. Trimble's sale stable, kept by Stephens & Wilson, in Mt. Sterling, Ky., on next Monday, (March 21st) for the purpose of buying two car loads of horses and mares. Call at that stable when you go to Mt. Sterling. 1

Jno. W. Day of Caney had his house burned by an accidental fire last Friday night. He also lost several stands of bees in close proximity to the burned building. No particulars.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Card From the Proprietor of Swango Springs.

Attention is hereby called to the fact that I am, after a year of rest, at home again, and in possession of the famous Swango Springs, (a survival of the fit test) ready to welcome all health and pleasure seekers who contemplate resorting to a watering place during the coming summer and autumn season.

I have added very greatly to my capacity and accommodations at my residence, and will make all necessary improvements at the springs, which may contribute to the comfort and pleasure of those seeking pleasure, rest and health.

The vitalizing power of the water is sufficiently known, and needs no additional commendation.

The ensuing season promises to be one of interest and prosperity. In fact, it will be the epoch in the history of the springs.

Already a number have indicated their intent on coming, and have secured lodgings for the entire season.

Two boarding houses are situated within a few yards of the springs, and will be managed by myself and son, which are equal to the accommodation of fifty to seventy-five guests.

Those stopping at either of the above houses will have FREE ACCESS to all the accommodations the springs can afford.

Those wishing especial accommodations should write at once, as those engaging first will have first choice of rooms.

I will be prepared to furnish provender for teams and shelter for vehicles. Also, will keep on hand a few vehicles, teams and saddle horses for those desiring the use of same. Rates very low.

All communications and queries will receive prompt attention.

Address the undersigned, always.

Respectfully,
HARRISON SWANGO,
Proprietor.

Hazel Green, March 16.

LIGHT IS DAWNING.

Mr. Cassity, the Carrier from Cornwell, Never Leaves Mail Over. Who Does?

CORNWELL, KY., March 4.—SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.—Dear Sir: I am the mail carrier from Cornwell to T. P. Collinsworth's. I will say that the postmaster at Cornwell forwards all the mail from his office regularly, and I carry the same without leaving any on the way, except it is held back by the postmaster at Frenchburg, and I know nothing of it. She can speak for herself. I never leave a tie-sack on the road, as has been reported to the postmaster at Cornwell. I hope all the postmasters on the line will make reports, and state whether or not the mail is left at any office on the line. Also, let the carrier on the upper end of the route make his statement whether he leaves the mail on the road or not. I am, very respectfully yours, W. H. CASSITY,
Carrier of one of the mails.

[The above communication should have been published last week, but was inadvertently overlooked. It speaks for itself, and we would like for all to make reports, as suggested.]—ED.

Hindoo Kidney Cordial, manufactured by Patton Bros., Catlettsburg, Ky., is the best kidney remedy ever introduced. Having tried several of them without relief, we tried Hindoo and found it the best. It is sold by all Hazel Green stores.

Chas. West, operating the gigantic swindle known as the Victor Watch Co., New York, which offered to sell gold-plated watches for $6.50, has been arrested in that city by the Federal authorities.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

ONF OF A FAMILY KILLED AND THREE OTHERS WOUNDED.

Two of the Actors in the Bloody Drama Arrested in Wolfe County.

CATLETTSBURG, KY., March 9.—Intelligence has just been received here of the most atrocious crime ever committed in the annals of the State, which occurred in the adjoining county of Lawrence. Some days since Samuel Smith, a lad of sixteen years, had a slight difficulty with Stephen Hammond and family. Yesterday he repaired to the Hammond household, on Cat's Fork, and after killing old man Hammond, shot his wife three times and his son and daughter once each, mortally wounding the three. The wounded are suffering excruciatingly, and there are no possible hopes of their recovery. After this wholesale slaughter of an entire family, young Smith immediately left for parts unknown, but the neighbors are in hot pursuit, and should the indignant people get their clutches on him he will furnish a matinee for Judge Lynch. This is one of the most diabolical crimes ever committed in Eastern Kentucky, and the greatest excitement prevails in the neighborhood. The denizens are thirsty for revenge, and declare that the perpetrator shall be hunted down. It is next to an impossibility for him to escape.

The above special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer appeared in the last Thursday edition of that paper. On Sunday last, just after the benediction had been pronounced in the Presbyterian Church and the congregation dismissed, two young men passed, and one inquired of the crowd still assembled about the church, "Will this road lead to Campton?" As they were on the thoroughfare leading to the capital city of Wolfe, one gentleman answered, "Yes, sir, if you follow it far enough." Another gentleman standing by observed, sotto voice, "You had better be careful how you talk; that man on the left looks like he would shoot." The pedestrians passed on, and about six hours later three horse men, armed with double barreled shotguns, rode into town on the West Liberty road. They stopped and inquired if two young men, walking, had passed? They were answered in the affirmative and interrogated as to reasons for the pursuit, when one of the trio detailed a story corroborating the above. The three men left town, going in the direction of Campton. Subsequently Boone Byrd, of Grassy, secured a shotgun, and went on to join the pursuing party.

THEY ARE ARRESTED.

Just as the above was put in type the announcement was brought to this office that the two men had been captured and were in town. THE HERALD man sought out one of the guards, W. M. Bowling, a nephew of Hammond's, who gave the following detailed account of the terrible tragedy. Sampson Smith, on Monday, preceding the murder, knocked down and beat a young son of Hammond's, aged about sixteen years, and then gave himself up to a Magistrate. He had his trial berore 'Squire Adkins and a jury, and was fined $100. Just as soon as the verdict was announced, the prisoner pulled his pistol and shot Mrs. Hammonds three times. Old man Hammonds then turned towards his wife, when Emanual Hatton caught him, and throwing him across the yard fence, cut him twice. Elijah Smith then rushed upon Hammonds and inflicted three more knife wounds. Neal Hammonds, another son, upon trying to assist his father, was knocked senseless by a blow from a club in the hands of Elijah Smith. Miss Lizzie Hammond went to the assistance of her mother, when Sampson Smith turned and fired five shots at her, only one of which struck her, which lodged in her left side. Failing to kill her in this way, he pulled his knife and cut her in the left side and on the arm. The wound in the side was four inches in length, while the other cut laid the flesh open from the wrist to the elbow. In her efforts to defend her person from the thrusts of her assailant, Miss Hammond grabbed the knife. Each time it was wrenched from her by ber antagonist, and each time the knife left a furrow filled with blood. Sampson then turned upon the small boy he had attacked the day before and cut him three times in the back. Bowling stated that five men were engaged in the affray, viz: Sampson, Elijah and Henry Smith, brothers, and Emanuel and Bill Hatton. The two last named, it is thought escaped in to North Carolina, while Henry Smith is supposed to have gone to Missouri.

The two prisoners brought to this place, Elijah and Sampson Smith, were captured at the residence of ex-Assessor Smith, of this county, who is their uncle and one of the best citizens in the county, on Sunday night. The posse making the capture was composed of John L. Napper, (claimed to be a detective) and W. M. Bowling, from Lawrence county, assisted by Sheriff G. T. Center, D. S. Tom Tutt, Jailer Geo. Drake, and Mike and Boon Byrd. Jailer Drake and Napper left with the prisoners Monday evening, and intended taking them via Mt. Sterling and Catlettsburg, to Louisa, in Lawrence county.

STATEMENT OF THE PRISONERS.

In an interview with the prisoners while here, Elijah denied nearly all the details given above, and made a statement totally at variance with the foregoing. He stated in substance that his brother did have a fight with young Hammonds; that subsequently the elder Hammond met him and told him be might prepare to have the matter settled next day, and that on the day of the trial the Hammond party came there with clubs and knives, prepared for any emergency. Just after the trial, while several of both parties were standing in the yard, the elder Hammond passed by and pushed his brother to one side; that his brother asked if he intended an offence; that Hammond stated he could take it as be pleased; that then some one struck Hammond and the fight became general, a man named Hatton taking his brother's part. He moreover stated that Bowling and Napper had greatly magnified the affair, as only the senior Hammond was killed, while the others were but slightly injured and would recover, whereas Napper and Bowling claimed all were dead but the young lady. He also claimed that the Hammond party outnumbered them, and were the aggressors in the affair of the 8th inst

WOLFE COUNTY.

GILLMORE, March 10.—Ha, Top Lady, Lady, where did you come from, that I have never heard of you before. Well, I am glad to make your acquaintance, and am happy to tell you that I am still living. You see I have only been acting ground hog this winter, but now winter is over and I have come out. The weather has been so far very pleasent, so I don't think there is any danger of taking a back seat, and I will try and give you the news now and then. What has become of Pop? Would love to hear from him. If you see him, tell hin not to act ground hog all the year. Tell him winter is over, and that the birds are singing sweetly, while the frog is heard to croak in the swamp and the turtle dove begins to coo.

Wake up, correspondents. What has become of you all? Give us the news. It makes our paper more interesting. Let us hear from you? Don't be fearful of wearrying the editor, for the news is what he wants.

Wheat is beginning to look well, and from present indications this will be a good wheat year.

Joseph Miller recently moved to his farm two miles below Hazel Green.

Born—To the wife of W. F. Vancleave, a girl—Fannie Folsom Cleveland.

C. M. Fallen and R. A. Kash are both on the sick list. UNCLE REMUS.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

HAGINSVILLE, March 7.—Lewis Roberts and Miss Samantha Howard have just returned from a flying trip to Virvinia, where they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. May their pathway be strewn with roses fair and flowry to the end of life's journey.

Wm. Hagins has just purchased the Stephen Back farm near Jackson, and will move to it in a short time. Mr. Back is talking of going to Menifee.

Married—At the residence of the bride's father, on South Fork of Quicksand, J. J. Back, of Letcher county, to Miss Demeris Clemens.

Born—To the wife of J. M. E. Davis, a ten-pound girl. Mr. Davis is the happiest man and the proudest papa in the mountains.

Wilburn Caudill of Letcher county has bought and is now moving to the farm of Lewis Back, on Meat-scaffold, this county.

People are beginning to farm, and put back their fencing, which was washed away by the high water.

All well in this vicinity, but there is no news of importance to communicate.

Success to THE HERALD. May it wave forever. MOUNTAIN BILL.

MORGAN COUNTY.

EZEL, March 12.—Elder D. G. Combs returned home a few days ago. He reports seventy-one additions to the church this time. He says he went among a nest of moonshiners and told them to change their ways or Will Day or the Devil, one or the other was sure to get 'em, so they left off moonshining for the loving rays of the Son of Righteousness.

All persons who have stock to sell should have it here on next sale day, as times are promising, and T. F. Carr will have a new supply of watches, clocks and jewelry, and be ready to take your subscription for THE HERALD. So bring on another "hoss."

The sporting part of Ezel has organ ized a base ball club, and now and then we hear a man say "I'm awful sore."

If any man in this country wants to learn what the word beat means, let him come to Ezel to play checkers.

Taylor Johnson will move back to town in a few days, and help the Ezel millers handle the toll dish.

C. C. Fields is helping our blacksmiths ring the anvil. BLURT.

Indigestion results from a partial paralysis of the stomach and is the primary cause of a very large majority of the ills that humanity is heir to. The most agreeable and effective remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25 cents a vial. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton. m94t

Develop the Mountains.

With a railroad through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, with northern and southern outlets, iron furnaces would be numerous, because iron can be made cheaper there than anywhere else. Kentucky would furnish all the coal to the South, because there is no coal south of it. The consumption of coal in the vicinity of Aiken, South Carolina, is over 1,800 tons daily, and that should be supplied from Kentucky, and that is only a drop in the bucket, so to speak. Is the blue grass region interested? Yes, in many ways. She would supply the food to the miners and operatives in factories—would have a market at home for all she can produce. She needs the cheap coal, iron, and timber which would come from the mountains. We would hear no more of pauper counties, all would be self-sustaining, treasury filling counties. Mt. Sterling and Montgomery county are especially interested in being on the line of a grand trunk railway running North and South, and no stone should be left unturned to secure it.—Sentinel-Democrat.

To any person who will trade with me to the amount of $10 cash, I will send THE HERALD free for one year. Or, to any one owing me ten dollars or over who will pay it off in full, I will send THE HERALD free for one year.
G. B. SWANGO.

GREENWADE HOUSE,
FRENCHBURG, KY.
T. J. COPE, Proprietor.
Table supplied with all delieacies of the season. Special attention to commercial tourists.

FRANKLIN
TYPE
FOUNDRY.
168 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
ALLISON & SMITH.
The type on which this paper is printed is from the above foundry.—EDITOR HERALD.

GIGANTIC
Unloading Sale at S. M. Braun's
Famous New Store.

An invoice just taken has disclosed the fact that I have too many Goods! Too much DRY GOODS! Too many Clothing! Too much Furnishing Goods! Too many Hats and Caps, and an endless varitey, of only

Hand-made Boots and Shoes
IN ALL SIZES, QUALITY AND PRICES.

I have decided that my stock must be cut down. With this end in view I have cut the prices on every article in my different departments in that great establishment, and have made telling and startling reductions.

Everything is Included in this Great Unloading Sale.

Winter goods in a great variety, such as Woolen and Cotton Flannels, Skirts and Shawls, Hoods and Nubias, Gloves and Mittens, Cloaks and Short Wraps, Men's and Boys' Suits, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps, Men's and Boys' Dress Shirts.

I give you a Guarantee that you will Save Money on Everything you buy of me.

I mean business, and am determined to reduce my stock at any cost, for the next Thirty Days.

LADIES AND MISSES WOOLEN HOSE,
LADIES AND MISSES CORSETS,
LADIES AND MISSES SHOES,
OLD LADIES SHOES in great variety.
MENS' AND BOY'S HAND-MADE BOOTS, MEN'S AND BOYS' HAND-MADE SHOES, MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR,
MEN'S AND BOYS' SUSPENDERS.

This is the Grandest Opportunity of the Season.

S. M. BRAUN,
THE FAMOUS
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boot and Shoe
HOUSE
MT. STERLING, KY.

I ASK YOUR ATTENTION,
GOOD PEOPLE OF THE UPPER COUNTIES

When you visit our city look out forthe CASH SIGN on Main street. CASH means every article at rock bottom prices.

I guarrantee this to you, as I keep no books, credit nobody, sell for CASH only. I am dealer in watches, clocks and jewelry, Rogers Bros.' 1849 knives and forks, spoons, table and tea, every thing to be found in a first class jewelry store.

I am olso dealer in

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Ladies Fine Shoes, the best that is made, Children's Shoes in all sizes and styles, Gents Fine and Heavy Boots.

Now good people remember that I am the only firm in our city that sells for CASH ONLY, this is the firm you want to find to save you a BIG PER CENT.

No trouble to show goods. Asking you to call when in the city, and hoping to see you soon, I remain, Respectfully yours,

M. W. VOWELS,
Main Street, - - - Mt. Sterling, Ky.

A. GROSSMAN. FRANK GOUVION. JOHN F. SCHLEUTER.

ROSSMAN, GOUVION & CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF
Saddles, Harness, Collars,
BRIDLES, &c.,
74 and 76 Main Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S ESTABLISHED 1827. It is now nearly sixty years since this medicine was offered as a remedy for Worms, and from that time its reputation has steadily increased until at the present day it is almost universally acknowledged throughout nearly all parts of the world to be the *sovereign remedy*. Worm Confections, made more for the purpose of pleasing the palate than of overcoming the disease, have been manufactured all over the country; but their short lease of life is nearly exhausted, and B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge continues to grow in favor daily. *Children* often look *pale* and *sickly* from no other cause than *worms*, and *spasms* are most frequently the result of these hidden sappers and miners. When they are irritable and feverish, sometimes craving food and eating ravenously, again refusing wholesome diet, tossing restlessly in sleep, moaning and grinding the teeth, then be assured these symptoms are indications of worms.

VERMIFUGE

Many a helpless child has been laid in the grave, when the disease which caused its death has been entirely misunderstood, and when worms have really been the cause. It has been proved beyond cavil that worms exist in the human system from earliest infancy, therefore parents—especially *mothers* who are more constantly with their children, cannot be too observing of the *first symptoms of worms*, for so surely as they exist, they can be *safely* and *speedily* removed from the *most delicate infant*, by the timely use of B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge.

Physicians do not hesitate to recommend it and use it in their practice, and many of the most eminent of the profession, from all parts of the country, testify to its uniform success. In fact, it **never fails.** It has frequently been given to children as a safe purgative, not suspecting the cause of the illness, and large quantities of worms were discharged and immediate relief afforded. Great caution must be used by every purchaser to be his own judge in one sense, and to examine every bottle he buys of it. The simple name of FAHNESTOCK is not sufficient. He must look closely and carefully to see that the initials are **B. A. FAHNESTOCK**, and be satisfied with nothing else.

NEW FRANKLIN, HOWARD CO., MO.
Messrs. J. E. Schwartz & Co., *Pittsburg, Pa.*
Gentlemen—I have used some of that most excellent remedy, B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, and found it to have the desired effect. I think your vermifuge can not safely be dispensed with in any family.
Yours, &c., J. W. HUBBARD, M. D.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.
Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is *safe, reliable* and *efficient* in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.
THOS. H. HANDY, M. D.

J. E. SCHWARTZ & CO., SUCCESSORS TO B. A. Fahnestock & Co., **Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors.**

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN - - KENTUCKY.

THE OLD HYMN.

To-day, with quiet heart, I heard
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,
And gently on my spirit fell
The sweetness of the Sunday calm,
Till, at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unhindered by
The stretch of intervening years.
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough,
The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny bird
And humming insects everywhere;
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,
And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
No other soul could understand;
And quite unseen, with love divine,
My mother's finger folded mine.

And not because the music rose
Exultingly I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight—
Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain—and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
Yet sometimes at a look or tone,
With short relenting, will the past
One moment give us back our own.
O, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.

—*Mrs. George Archibald, in Churchman.*

A COMMON-PLACE HERO

Who Furnished His Lady-Love With Red Violets.

Four young people were walking along a city street on a breezy, bright March day. Over by the water front the wind was perhaps too high for comfort, but in this less exposed locality it was only brisk enough to lend a becoming glow to the complexions of the young ladies and flutter their ribbons into picturesque confusion.

"Wait a minute, please," said Thorpe Everleigh, stopping short as he spoke, and thus bringing to an abrupt halt not only Violet Warner, who was beside him, but the pair directly following.

"What is the object of interest here, Everleigh?" inquired Paul Dunning, looking about him.

"Oh, need you ask!" exclaimed his companion, Annie Ford, with a ripple of playful laughter. "Doesn't that child's expression speak for itself?"

And, indeed, the face behind the flower-stand was eloquent enough without words in its mingled mirth, recognition and expectancy, and the dimples that chased each other in and out of the odd little creases in the cheeks.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Nora," said Everleigh, with a fine brogue, beginning to pull the flowers about. "What have you got that is pretty to-day? I want something for each of my friends here."

Nora put her head on one side in a considering attitude, as her blue Irish eyes, under their dark lashes, glanced from her flowers to the group before her and back again. "Shure. Misther Iverleigh, sorr," she began in the coaxing accents of her nation, "they're all fresh the day. And what wud ye be plazed to want, thin, sorr?"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you feel equal to the plural, Dunning," said Everleigh with mock impressiveness, "what will yon choose in a breastknot?"

"May we not leave the choice to you, Mr. Everleigh?" said Miss Ford, smiling prettily up in his face. "Do, please, select a flower for me!"

"Certainly, Miss Annie," answered Everleigh readily. "How do you like tea-roses?" holding out a beautiful, delicately-tinted bunch.

The young lady received it with another upward smile, but Everleigh had turned to Miss Warner, and was proffering her a cluster of fragrant, deep-blue violets.

"Your namesakes," he said. "Won't you take them—now?" There was something significant, almost beseeching in his tone. But Violet Warner did not seem to notice it.

"No," she answered, carelessly, "I would rather have some of those red carnations. What a splendid color!"

Everleigh appeared more disappointed than the occasion seemed to warrant. "When will you let me give you some violets?" he urged, looking down into her face.

"When? Oh, when you can give me red violets," she answered, lightly, as she lifted the carnations, yet with a certain meaning in the eyes that met his. "But where is Mr. Dunning's boutonniere?" she added, glancing at the other.

Thus recalled, Everleigh picked out a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, which he handed to Dunning, "to symbolize your purity of soul," as he laughingly explained, and which Annie Ford kindly pinned on that gentleman's coat.

"And what is your own to be Everleigh?" asked Dunning.

"Oh, violets, of course," interposed Miss Ford, sweetly. "Did you ever see Mr. Everleigh with any thing else but violets in his button-hole? He is violet-mad."

Perhaps he was. But, if so, he did not attempt to extend the craze, for he offered them to no one else. After selecting a cluster for himself he moved away, leaving a liberal compensation on Nora's stand, and followed by a look of adoring gratitude from Nora's eyes.

"What a sort of licensed beggary that is!" remarked Dunning, as he noticed this. "It would be a good thing to put such girls to some steady, useful occupation."

"Pocket-picking, for example," said Everleigh, with a short laugh. "That is about the only other thing open to this particular girl."

"Indeed?" said Dunning with a superior air. "Yet I can not help thinking that with patience and perseverance she might—"

"Starve creditably in a week," broke in Everleigh. "I beg your pardon, Dunning, but it really is nonsense, you know. Nora and her little lame brother would simply starve if she neglected her flower-stand to attempt impossibilities."

"I am hardly a believer in the impossible," answered Dunning, raising his head loftily.

Violet Warner raised hers, too, and a light came into her eyes. "You believe with Tennyson that 'Man is man, and master of his fate,'" she said.

Everleigh broke into a frank laugh. "Well," he said, "if Tennyson believes that of a New York flower-girl, I think he talks nonsense, too."

Violet colored slightly, and Dunning perceptibly frowned. Miss Ford softly diverted the conversation.

"Well," she remarked, smilingly, "if nothing is impossible, perhaps some time Mr. Everleigh will show us red violets, after all."

"No, for that is not in nature," said Violet. "People can't do what is not in nature."

She spoke quickly and rather hardly. There was a certain significance in her tone which Everleigh seemed to understand.

"And if I do show them to you some day," he said, giving back her look, "you will admit then that they are in nature, Violet?"

"I suppose I must, then—but—but you can not, for they are not!" she concluded, with triumphant feminine logic.

They were nearing the end of their walk now, and the conversation dropped. At Violet's door the young ladies bade adieu to their companions, who walked away together.

But although they were apparently on terms of easy intimacy, there was little real comradeship between the two young men. Their association was more a matter of circumstance than of choice, Dunning having brought letters to Mr. Thorpe, Everleigh's uncle. The old banker could not slight the introductions of valued business connections, so, at his desire, the nephew made the new-comer free of his "set"—a tolerably large one—as well as of that narrower circle of which Violet Warner was the very innermost link. Privately Everleigh considered Dunning a "humbug," and had even so expressed himself to Violet on one occasion. But as Violet did not share his opinion, it hurt him more than it did Dunning. The latter had a way of theorizing which was extremely distasteful to Everleigh, but which attracted Violet, who took the speaker on the valuation of utterances according so thoroughly with her own sentiments. Violet was romantic, and inclined to apply the touchstone of the heroic to common life, a dangerous practice, unless one is certain of having the true touchstone. She listened with a kindling eye to Dunning's quotations and aspirations, and contrasted him with Everleigh, whom she set down as a good-looking, well-dressed, commonplace unit of fashion, who was very nice, of course, but of whom nothing great could ever be expected. She even told him so when he offensively called the heroic Paul a humbug.

"That is because you can't understand him," she had said severely. "He has capabilities that you can not even imagine."

"Well, but really, now, Violet, what are they?" Everleigh had asked in desparation. "I don't see that he ever does any thing different from other people?"

"Perhaps not—yet—but he sees the splendid possibilities of life. The vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be!" quoted Violet with a rapt and mystic air. And then Everleigh had said, half in jest and half in earnest, that all the wonder would be, in his opinion, if Paul Dunning could earn his salt to save his life. At which Violet grew vexed again, and the two parted in some feeling.

It is possible that Violet's ideas were just a little vague and visionary, and that in her eagerness for results she sometimes overlooked the means. It was natural that her spirit should respond to the noble utterances which Paul Dunning—who was certainly a largely appreciative young man—could find upon every theme, but it would, perhaps, have shown more depth and soundness of judgment if she could have recognized that Thorpe Everleigh, in staying in New York and transferring from the shoulders of the old and childless uncle who had adopted him the weight of his large banking business, was doing as good work, in his own degree, as if he had been clearing the path of civilization in the wilderness, or leading a forlorn hope in some war-stricken land. But romantic youth is not usually distinguished by deep or sound judgment, and Violet was scarcely twenty. So, when the routine of the workaday world pressed heavily upon her at times, she knew of no other relief than to turn to the "deeds of high emprise," among which—in imagination, at least—Mr. Paul Dunning was always dwelling.

There was however, another who did not believe in Mr. Dunning, and this was Violet's cousin and constant companion, Annie Ford. She lacked Violet's warmth of imagination, her generous faith in what was noble, her aspirations toward the heights of existence, but she possessed a hard common sense which sometimes stood her in good stead of all these. She perceived that Dunning's eloquence had been, so far, only a fruitless flowering, and she saw no reason why the future should differ from the past. She despised him, although she intended to marry him in case her carefully matured plans should fail. Under that soft and guileless exterior was a nature full of machinations, and the scheme at present uppermost was to marry Violet to Dunning, and to secure Everleigh for herself, for she did not like her cousin—in spite of all the kindness she had received at her hands—and she did like Everleigh. She had liked him ever since she first saw him, and had meant to be his wife, although she knew that he loved Violet. But more than one man's destiny has been guided unawares by delicate feminine hands, and even so the gentle Annie intended to guide Everleigh's, with the help of Paul Dunning as an instrument—and a last resort in case of failure.

Violet had no suspicion of all this. Indeed, she had little idea of her cousin's real nature. When, some months before, she had persuaded her father to invite Miss Ford to become a member of his household, thus eking out the poorer girl's slender income, she had hoped to find in her pretty cousin the sister she had never had. That expectation soon passed away, but Violet, who was generosity itself—except toward Thorpe Everleigh—would not acknowledge, even to her own consciousness, her disappointment in Annie. And if the mask sometimes dropped a little, if the soft eyes grew hard and the sweet voice sharp, Violet was always ready to find an excuse for her cousin in her sensitive temperament and her dependent position. She took it for granted that Annie cared for her—in her own way—just as she took it for granted that Thorpe Everleigh was commonplace and unheroic.

Violet was undoubtedly the more inclined to romantic views because of the extremely matter-of-fact domestic atmosphere in which she dwelt. Mr. Warner was a man utterly absorbed in his business affairs. He seemed to consider both home and daughter as exquisitely arranged pieces of machinery, for which he was to supply the pecuniary oil necessary to keep them in working order. And, having done this, it did not occur to him that there was any thing more to do. So Violet was practically her own mistress, free to command her own life and make her choice as she would.

Violet herself would have preferred less liberty and more affection, but since she could not have the one the other was some compensation. She availed herself of it without stint; took up one fancy after another, refused Thorpe Everleigh because he was not a romantic pioneer, and was at present absorbed in the splendid possibilities of Paul Dunning, who, on his side, found it a pleasant enough preparation for the mighty battle of life to lounge luxuriously in a beautiful, flower-fragrant room, with two lovely girls watching eagerly for the pearls that fell from his lips.

As has been said, Annie Ford was his faithful, if unavowed, ally. She took every opportunity to advance his cause and hinder Everleigh's. Thanks to her, it was several days after the conversation at Nora Kelly's flower-stand before Everleigh succeeded in seeing Violet again. Miss Ford, indeed, was visible, and she made her cousin's excuses very prettily. Once it was a bad headache, and again a drive with Mr. Dunning; in fact, one pretext and another served their turn so well that Everleigh, hitherto unsuspicious, grew weary and employed counter-strategy. This proved successful, and he found himself in Violet's presence again.

Troubled at the delay and the likelihood of a favored rival, the young man forgot his prudent intentions and urged for another hearing. But it was only to receive the old answer. He was very nice, very agreeable, but, alas! he was unheroic. Violet would never marry until she found her ideal.

"My dear girl," expostulated Everleigh between pity and vexation, "you couldn't endure him when you found him. Now, don't be offended, Violet," he went on, deprecatingly, "but I think you are running away with some impossible idea—"

"It ought not to be impossible," put in Violet, loftily. "Dauntless determination and heroic effort ought never to disappear."

"Well, setting aside the adjectives," said Everleigh, with a twinkle in his brown eyes, "are you sure they have disappeared?"

"I am afraid so," answered Violet with a sigh, "except among—"

"Well, among—what?"

"Oh, among—pioneers—and those people," replied Violet, firmly if rather vaguely.

Everleigh laughed a laugh of genuine amusement, though some bitterness mingled with it.

"I don't know about 'those people,'" he said, "but what would you do with a pioneer if you had him, Violet?—that is, unless you mean to share his hardships with him? A pioneer in a large city is an anomaly."

"Perhaps so," said Violet, doubtfully, "but his character ought not to be. The heart has gone out of modern society."

"On the contrary," answered Everleigh, who thought he recognized the source of these strictures, "I believe there is an immense amount of it left, in the cities as well as on the plains. Surely, Violet," he continued with a smile, "you, of all people, should not fancy that the hero is made or unmade by the cut of his clothes. It does not follow, does it, that because a man wears a well-fitting coat he ceases to be a man?"

"N-no," said Violet, doubtfully again. She could not help recognizing for the hundredth time Everleigh's marked common sense; then she sighed again and wished that he could exchange some of it for that heroic quality of which he was speaking.

"Now, to make the question personal"—Everleigh went on, "since it all began about me—you know how I am situated, Violet! I can not be a pioneer, even if I wished to. What would become of my uncle's banking business? What would become of my uncle himself? Why, I really believe it would kill him! And when I remember what he has done for me! From the time I was a boy he has been like the kindest and most generous of fathers. No, I'll never leave him; I'll break my own heart sooner than his. But there are plenty of things a man can do to prove his mettle—yes, even here in New York, and I will find something, I promise you, Violet! I'll give you the red violets yet, and then—then, dear, you'll wear them, won't you?"

He had taken her hand and was looking down into her eyes, and Violet, as she looked back at him, and heard his quick, passionate words, could not help thinking, in spite of his fashionable attire, his nicely-trimmed mustache and careful elegance of person, how very manly and strong of purpose he seemed. She let her hand lie in his while she answered, with another sigh:

"But you know, Thorpe, there isn't any thing you can do. Earnestness has been refined away from our civilization—Mr. Dunning says."

"Mr. Dunning!" Everleigh paused to find a phrase not too vigorous for Violet's ears, when there was a step at the parlor door which made the two just within start aside. In another moment the person last mentioned—Mr. Paul Dunning himself—entered, together with Miss Annie Ford. The subject naturally changed, and a general conversation ensued, in the course of which nothing more serious than a concert party for the morrow was talked of. This was mainly Annie Ford's motion, who, finding her strategy fail at last, thought it better to direct what she could not prevent. So she organized an expedition in which Mr. Dunning should be Violet's companion, and Everleigh her own, in the hope that her cousin and Paul might have come to an understanding before their return.

The occasion was a matinee, and the special attraction a bright particular star expected soon to set forever to the Western horizon. Miss Ford surveyed the crowded house while she listened to the liquid modulations, and wondered how it fared with her own small private venture, as she glanced from time to time at the two so absorbed together in the romantic atmosphere of passionate melody and soft Italian accents. As for Everleigh, he sat silent and somewhat moody beside his pretty companion. A growing suspicion of the treachery that lurked beneath her sweet tones and appealing glances was in his mind, and a fear, which kept pace with it, that Violet, too, was being deceived and ensnared beyond retreat. He was glad when it was all over, when the wonderful voice had breathed its last sigh and the orchestra had thundered its last crash to the echoes of the emptying house.

They were not a very lively party as they drove home in the gathering dusk. Violet and Paul Dunning were discussing the relative merits of Italian and German music, while long silences fell between Everleigh and Miss Ford. The latter amused herself by idly regarding the various streets through which they passed. So it was her eye that discovered the familiar face of Nora Kelly, the flower girl.

"Why, there is our little Nora with a dreadful man," she said; "and—why, what is the matter? is she crying?"

Everleigh, roused from his abstraction, lifted his eyes. "Stop!" he called sharply to the coachman, who brought his horses up near the group.

Nora's companion certainly justified Miss Ford's epithet of "dreadful." He was a large, powerfully-built fellow, with a bullet-head and thick red neck, a representative city "rough." He was holding up a small, deformed boy, in a vice-like grip, which evidently not only frightened but hurt the little weakling extremely. Beside him, Nora, with passionate sobs, was vainly pleading to desist. Just then she caught sight of Everleigh.

"Oh! Misther Iverleigh," she cried with wild appeal, "for the love of Hiven make him put me little brother down! It's killin' him he is intirely—"

"You brute!" Everleigh's vehement tones cut through the girl's choking voice. "Put that child down, do you hear?"

The man turned round an evil, inflamed face. "Is it the little hunchback ye're plazed to want, sorr?" he answered with insolent mockery, as he deliberately gave the frail little creature a shake that brought forth a scream of pain. "Come an' take him, thin!"

"I will;" Everleigh jumped out of the carriage. "Come, Dunning, we'll give this beast a little lesson."

Dunning cleared his throat. "Rather a low affair for gentlemen. I hardly see why we should do police work," he said, looking up and down the unfrequented by-street. "Suppose we drive to the corner and send one around?"

Everleigh turned away contemptuously. "And let the child's bones be broken before we could find one?" he said. "No, this is something that can't wait."

"Let me go with you, sir," eagerly put in the coachman, a slight young fellow, but still always ready to follow where Everleigh led the way.

"No, you stay here with the ladies. I leave them in your care," said Everleigh, adding as he went forward: "Don't be afraid, Violet, these bullies are always cowards."

But here he was wrong. This particular bully was not a coward, and he fought with a savage good-will. Fortunately, Everleigh's good cause was supplemented by a wiry and supple frame.

Violet had turned her back on Dunning, and sat with her hands convulsively clinched. She was ashy pale. "That horrible man!" she gasped, "he will kill him!"

"Let me go, miss," urged the coachman again, eager to help Everleigh, whom he had greatly admired. But even as he spoke Everleigh had the man down on the pavement, where he held him fast while recovering breath, until a chance policeman coming up took charge of the fallen hero. Nora and Jimmy had already disappeared. Then the victor returned to the carriage, where the coachman's broad grin of delight brought a smile to his own lips. But it died away as his eyes rested on Violet's white face.

"I'm afraid I'm rather dilapidated looking," he said, apologetically, glancing down at his torn coat, stained with the evidences of the affray. He certainly did not look much like a "fashionable unit" at that moment. "I'll see if I can't make myself a little less compromising for the rest of the party," he added, taking out his handkerchief to wipe away the blood from a long scratch on one cheek.

"Take mine," said Violet quickly. She had left the carriage at his approach, and moved a step nearer to him.

He gave her a look half deprecating, half grateful, as he took the dainty little perfumed square and removed the blood-marks from his face and his torn coat. Violet's eyes, which followed his motions, rested on the bunch of flowers which, oddly enough, throughout the struggle had remained in his button-hole. A peculiar expression came into her eyes.

"The violets have blood on them, too, Thorpe," she said.

He looked down at them, laughed a little regretfully at their stained and broken bravery, and made a movement to throw them into the street. But she stopped his hand. "Give them to me," she murmured.

He looked at her in surprise. "But they are all stained, and—"

"Yes," she said, "I know—*red* violets. It seems they were in nature, after all."

A flush of pleasure came into his face; then he honestly protested. "Oh, that was nothing. Any one would have done the same."

"No," said Violet demurely, "some would have waited to call the police."

He laughed as his eye glanced round to Dunning sitting very stately and dignified in the carriage at a little distance. "Well," he said lightly, "you know I always told you he was a humbug! But, Violet," he continued more earnestly, "I hope you don't consider such a thing as that the measure of my capabilities? One of these days I will give you real proof."

"I don't want any thing more real than that," interrupted Violet, with a shudder. "And, Thorpe," she added, her color rising, "I believe I have only been waiting all this while for an excuse—to take you. The feelings I had when that horrible man was pounding you! Give me the violets," she concluded, with sudden imperiousness. And, all crushed and stained as they were, she transferred them to her own dress, where they lay hidden in a fold of soft lace.

Meantime the two left in the carriage during the progress of Everleigh's rehabilitation were holding a conversation of some interest to both. After a word to the young man when he first came back, Miss Ford had not attempted to make herself a third in a tete-a-tete of so very private a nature. She could perceive, from various indications, that her machinations had suddenly been defeated. So she turned to her last resort, the man who remained with her, and whom she secretly despised as much as she admired the other.

"Do come and sit by me, Mr. Dunning," she said in her sweetest tones. "Violet will be so taken up with Mr. Everleigh's little piece of bravado that she won't have a thought for any thing else this evening. Do take pity on poor deserted me."

And Dunning, who also read the signs of the times clearly enough, took the hint (as she meant he should) without feeling the sting which it cleverly concealed. He took the seat beside Miss Ford, who soothed his ruffled self-complacency with implied praises of his thoughtfulness in staying to protect them instead of rashly involving them in such a questionable affair, as that inconsiderate Mr. Everleigh had done. It was not exactly like a gentleman, was it? But then, of course, one had to make allowances for commoner nature. So she murmured on to this man, whom she meant to marry, while he, quite restored to his lofty serenity, listened and looked, and thought what remarkable good taste Miss Ford possessed, and how very pretty she was as raised her soft eyes to his. And so, in this quarter also, matters were set right—after a fashion.—*Kate Putnam Osgood, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE GENIE ELECTRON.

A Factor Which Performs an Important Part in the Operations of Nature.

Madison Buell, the repeater chief of the Western Union Telegraph Company, recently read a paper before the Electrical Society of Buffalo on the spirit of electricity, or, as he calls it, "The Genie Electron." The genie performs an important part in almost all the operations of nature, but generally in so quiet a manner that his presence is never known or even suspected, except in the occurrence of something calculated to arouse him to anger or opposition. "It is," said Mr. Buell, "in the bright clouds, far above the earth, that he sometimes likes to nestle, or when their bases touch the mountains, and their white tops shine in the far-off ether, he will stretch forth his powerful form and seem to bathe himself in the tenderest purple of distance. At other times he will softly breathe his spirit in the air, sigh, and send his moan along the woods and moorish fens, and up among the loose, disjointed cliffs as the sad notes of the coming storm. When the black-winged legions of tempest arise, he delights in leaping from cloud to cloud, and the tremendous roar of his voice is rolled back from the mountain's bosom as the recognition of the dazzling brightness of his flashing eye.

'Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased th' Almighty's order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

The exhibition of his fearful strenth at such times makes cowards of us all. Fear, full of feeble fancies, makes us weak and unmanly, loosens in us every power and allows our imagination to create fantastic shapes of the hideous ruin he may cause. The immensity of his force naturally inspires mankind with terror and awe, and, until recently, they have looked upon him more in the light of God's minister of punishment and destruction than as the friendly and beneficent, though powerful, being they are discovering him to be. His favorite place of retirement is in the deep interior of the earth, and while thus pent up, and finding no ready means of escape, he will sometimes break the bonds of his prison, and in doing so shake the earth for miles around, leaving great rents in it, overturning buildings, destroying life and property, as was so forcibly demonstrated in the earthquakes at Charleston and vicinity."

After referring in detail to some of the famous earthquakes of modern times, Mr. Buell asked whether it is not possible that the cause of these disturbance is due to the chemical action of which "Electron" is supposed to be the immediate agent. "When the particles of different kinds of matter are free to mingle with each other, which by means of heat, air, water and other media, they can be made to do, 'Electron' can make them change their arrangements and can subject them to such magical transformations that they became entirely new substances, with qualities essentially different from their previous condition. The presence of subterranean waters is ableto bring about a greater and more prompt accumulation of electricity in the parts of the ground that are near to them, the metallic veins or conducting rocks that penetrate to great depths and extend to great distances are apt to convey, according to their direction, any quantity of 'Electron's' spirit. Might not the subterranean noises, very similar to rolling thunder, which generally precede and frequently accompany violent earthquakes, be caused by the explosion of this accumulated electricity, and which we might term subterranean lightning? If we obtain such enormous quantities of his spirit on a small scale, as we do from our voltaic cells and from our dynamo machinery, is there any reason to doubt that in the interior of our globe, where all the operations of nature are carried on upon a scale of magnitude almost beyond our conception, when a discharge of this nature does occur, that it can be of sufficient force to produce undulatory waves, and to lift the crust of the earth at such points as the force may happen to be the greatest?"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

CAUCASIAN BRIGANDS.

A Band of Robbers Who Defy and Conquer the Russian Troops.

A band of audacious highwaymen has for more than one year perplexed the Russian authorities in the Caucasus. The band is composed of Caucasians, and the chief is a certain Khiaram, or Kerim, who performs extraordinary acts of cunning and courage. About the end of last winter a large body of troops—horse and foot—succeeded in surrounding Khiaram and his men, and the chief commander of the troops had already telegraphed to Tiflis that Khiaram could not make his escape, but the next morning he disappeared. Four months later the authorities received a message from Khiaram himself, announcing that he has passed some time far from his "dear country," but that he had returned to "recommence his business." In a few days the central authorities received reports from Kars that Khiaram and his band were killing, plundering and burning throughout the district. The troops under the command of Prince Chaichavatse, chief of the Koutais regiment of cavalry, pursued the band, but to no purpose. When the horses of the highwaymen became tired Khiaram gave the order to kill them and to take horses from the villagers. In this way they reached the frontier; the soldiers there who tried to prevent them from passing were killed; and Khiaram and his men crossed the frontier on the back of the horses of the dead soldiers. Some weeks ago Khiaram returned to his "dear country," and many travelers were plundered forthwith. The authorities felt they ought to make a supreme effort to re-establish their prestige: they united a great force and Khiaram was surrounded. A telegram from Tiflis now states that Khiaram and all his men have again succeeded in escaping, after an active battle lasting about five hours, and during which many soldiers were killed or wounded. The brigands broke through the soldiers' chain and passed on to Turkish territory. These exploits would scarcely be possible were not the brigands in some degree supported by native population.—*St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.*

—The ringing of the door-bell, which is an electric enunciator, roused Captain C. G. Lyon from his slumbers at the family residence on Golden Hill about five o'clock Wednesday morning. He found the hall full of smoke, and discovered that a box of ashes in the cellar had ignited and the blaze had communicated to surrounding wood work. A hand extinguisher quickly quenched the fire, and but little damage was done. The wire of the annunciator passed over the spot where the blaze started, and the heat had lengthened a spring and permitted the closing of the circuit, which caused the bell to ring.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer*

GENTLEMEN'S STYLE'S.

Some Points on the Fashions in Masculine Winter Attire.

As the winter season draws near what is to be the latest style in masculine apparel increases daily as a matter of interest among all men who wish to dress well and correctly, and to be thoroughly up in the very latest thing in the matter of dress and etiquette. Each succeeding season brings more or less changes in these matters, sometimes comparatively slight in themselves, and yet which involve an enormous amount of worry, discussion and, in the aggregate, expense.

A visit of inspection recently paid to the leading tailors disclosed the fact that the changes in men's fashions this year will be very few. For dress suits fine diagonal cloths will be used as last year. There is a growing tendency to relieve the somberness of the dress suit by more or less elaboration of the waistcoat. These will be worn with the dress suit, embroidered with fancy figures, in colors. Black and white embroidered waistcoats have taken very well also for evening wear. Larger trousers will be worn. They are now cut twenty-inch knee and eighteen-inch bottom. The tailless dress coat so much discussed was started by the tailors. Whatever popularity it gained last summer will soon be forgotten. It is not adapted to winter use. In business suits the tendency is toward four-button cutaway frocks, single-breasted, opening much lower than for many years past. When admissible—that is, when the cloth will permit—the edges are stitched. For afternoon receptions and day weddings the old Prince Alberts, or better, frock coats, will be worn. With these will be outline striped trousering and waistcoats of black, gray or blue.

Fall weight overcoats are made this year of black and gray diagonals and meltons, with welted seams and stitched edges, silk facings to the extreme edge and a soft roll collar; winter overcoats of fur beavers, elesons cursus and metinac, single or double-breasted sacks. Heavy-weight goods are popular. The nap of the fur beavers is quite short and the long-nap goods of former seasons are not in favor. These goods are piped with velvet, faced to the lapel, and have velvet collars.

Full dress shirts will have mostly three small studs, but some swells claim that the very correct thing will be two studs. The single stud has pretty well gone out. Dress suits will have a single strip of French embroidery down the front, also white pea-ribbed ribs running up and down and crossways. Collars and cuffs will be attached. Straight and standing collars, with a very little space, will be worn, and square link cuffs. The evening tie will be white cambric or mull, one to one and a quarter inches wide, and must not be made up, but tied by oneself. Gloves will be worn on all occasions. Pearl, with broad black stitching on back, will be correct for evening wear. For day weddings, pearl gloves with stitched back and tie of white ottoman silk in four-in-hand knots should be worn. Day scarfs will be the four-in-hand and made up knots, either white or colored. Notwithstanding the efforts made to introduce last season the once popular and always convenient opera, they will not be worn this winter; the high and inappropriate silk hat being carried at opera and wherever possible in their place.—*N. Y. World.*

DREAMS OF THE BLIND.

At What Age a Child Loses All Memory of the Visible World.

Among the papers read before the biographical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was one on "The Dreams of the Blind," by Dr. Joseph Jastrow, of Philadelphia. The object of the paper was to determine the extreme age at which a child may become blind and yet lose all memory of the visible world, so that it no longer sees in its dreams.

"Almost all dreams of normal persons," the papers says, "are sight dreams, and a dream is often spoken of as a vision. The blind are deprived of this most important sense; but if they have not been born blind they may remember enough of what they have seen to enable them to imagine how things look, and when the imagination has free play in sleep to picture themselves as in full possession of all their senses. Physiologists would explain this by saying that during the years in which they saw a certain part of the brain has become educated to receive and interpret all these messages which the eye sends and that when this part of the brain acts spontaneously in sleep the person dreams of seeing. Such a portion of the brain would be called the sight center.

"If, now, we find out the latest age at which blindness may set in and yet the person keep on dreaming of seeing, we will find out the time it takes for this sight center to develop, for, of course, it is not present in the new-born infant. For this purpose about two hundred blind persons of both sexes were questioned at the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and it was found that those who became blind before their fifth year never dreamed of seeing; of those whose sight was lost between the fifth and the seventh year, some did and some did not see in their dreams; while all whose eyesight was destroyed after the seventh year had quite as vivid dream visions as seeing people. The fifth to the seventh year is thus shown to be the critical period. This period corresponds with the age which authorities assign as the limit at which a child becoming deaf will also become dumb, and also with the age of one's earliest continuous memory of one's self.

"It is interesting to note that blind persons dream quite as frequently as normal people, and that with those who do not see in their dreams hearing plays the principal part. When dreaming of home, for instance, they will hear their father's voice or their sister singing, and perhaps will feel the familiar objects in the room, and thus know they are at home. We, in such a case, would see it all."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Contraction of the Hoof.

A hoof contracts from dryness consequent upon a state of inflammation of the interior of the foot, or from want of nutrition of the horn at the origin of its growth at the coronet. The injury is difficult to repair because the vascular tissue of the foot which connects the hoof with the interior part of it becomes absorbed and in part lost. The remedy is to rasp the hoof quite thin; to leave the frog untouched, so that a healthful pressure may be exerted on the interior of the foot; to keep the hoof dressed with a mixture of glycerine, molasses and water in equal parts, and to cover it constantly with a bandage to keep it moist, and to apply blistering ointment to the coronet.—*N. Y. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Mamma—If you really love me, Mamie, give me a nice kiss. Indulgent child—How I do spoil you mamma.

—He was so benevolent a man, so merciful a man that, in his mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.—*Jerrold.*

—He (poetical)—Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip? She (practical)—No necessity for alarm at all. I use a vegetable color which is not poisonous.

—A correspondent writes to ask what age has done the most for journalism. You can't "stick" us on that, friend. The mucilage, by long odds.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Break, Break, Break," the title of a recent musical contribution to the Boston *Sunday Globe*, sounds very much like a refrain of the domestic who washes the dishes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An exchange gives a long list of reasons why you shouldn't snub a boy, but omits the principal one, which is that nine times out of ten its a waste of time to try.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—Mrs. Minks (reading)—The Rothschild family settle all disputed points by family counsel and never employ a lawyer. Mr. Minks (who has just lost a suit)—Well, well, no wonder they're rich.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A little fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."—*Albany Journal.*

—Her only fault:—

She's rich and fair and talented as well;
Her figure is a dream, her smile a spell,
Her fair complexion's like a pink sea shell—
'Twill stand inspection.

Her disposition's sweet as it can be,
And with her taste in dress modistes agree;
But for her bad taste in refusing me,
She'd be perfection.
—*Oakland Echoes.*

—"How old was Mathuselah when he died?" asked a Texas Sunday-school teacher of Tommy Yerger, a precocious youth. "I don't know; how old was Methu?" said Tommy. "He was nine hundred years old when he died," replied the teacher. "Nine hundred years old! Whew! I wonder how his son-in-law liked that?" replied Tommy, as he gave an incredulous whistle.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Omaha Dame—You seem very fond of that Mrs. De Cash. New York Dame—Yes; I wish you could meet her. She is the most self-sacrificing woman in New York. "Indeed?" "I should say so. Why, her husband gave her three hundred dollars to buy a new parasol, and she spent every cent of it for doctors' fees and medicine." "Ah. I see—" "Yes, poor little pet; but I really don't believe the dog would have lived if she hadn't."—*Omaha World.*

WAR ELEPHANTS.

How They Are Utilized by the British Indian Army in Burmah.

Attached to the British Indian army, which is now in Burmah trying to wipe out the murderous bands of Dakoits that are affrighting the country, is an elephant battery. Seven-pound guns, including their carriages, are fastened to frame-work and hoisted upon the backs of the elephants. In this way the troops are able to transport their artillery through long stretches of country where there are no wagon roads, and where they would not be able to take their cannon if they did not have beasts of burden strong enough to carry the artillery on their backs. When the troops meet the enemy the guns are quickly unloaded by means of a tripod, to which is attached a swinging arm and tackle.

The elephant takes a more humble place in war nowadays than formerly. He used to be one of the combatants, but in these days of gunpowder and bombshells he has been reduced to the transportation department. Centuries before the Christian era the rulers of Egypt maintained stations as far south as Khartoum for the sole purpose of collecting wild elephants to be trained for war purposes. They were used not only to carry archers and javelin hurlers into into the field, but were also trained to rush upon the enemy and trample them under foot. While opposing warriors on their elephants fought at short range the elephants themselves would fight each other. It is said that the notion that the Asiatic elephant is superior to his African brother dates from the time when, in a battle between Antiochus III., King of Syria, and Ptolemy Philopator, in 217 B. C., the Asiatic elephants in the army of the Syrian monarch killed every one of Ptolemy's African animals. This idea of the superiority of the Asiatic elephant is still held by many, though it is probably groundless.—*Chicago Times.*

GERMAN RAILROADS.

A Prominent Merchant's Views on Some Interesting Foreign Topics.

John Wannamaker, in speaking of his recent European trip, said: "In Germany the Government controls and operates all railroads but one. The plan has been in operation two or three years, and while it is profitable to the Government, the revenue derived from railroad sources being greater than the appropriations for railroad purposes, still I am convinced that competing private corporations serve the interests of the people better. Both passenger and freight rates are higher in Germany than in this country. There is a disposition on the continent to put all railroad service on the same footing as the postal service in Great Britain. I found a tendency toward the abandonment of the second-class grade of traveling. The idea is to retain the first and third class coaches and add a fourth-class coach, which is simply an empty baggage-car without seats, where the passenger has his choice of standing or using a portable stool, or like the elephant, using his own trunk. Everywhere I found that great interest was felt about America, and the people were constantly asking about the possibility of success if they came here. This is especially true among the farmers, who are very much discouraged. American products are finding their way to every nook and corner of the continent of Europe. I saw a load of American straw hauled through the streets of Zurich, and I was told that the price was eighty-five cents per hundred pounds, which is the same price I have often paid here. From what is said about America abroad I am satisfied that there are others beside ourselves who believe that America is the greatest country in the world."—*Philadelphia Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

BANK NOTES.

She sang solo so soft, so sweet,
He sank enraptured at her feet.
He was not base, but on that day
He lost the tenor of his way.

"Maid altogether fair," he cried,
"Be mine, my high soprano bride.
Keep time with me until life's end,
Our hearts and voices let us blend.

"Our key shall be a little flat,
A finely finished one at that;
There we will live on minor scale
In style to make the Major quail.

"Be natural, admit my plea,
Discard the Major, marry me.
Let us duet life's mea ures through,
Enchanting singer, what say you?"

Said she: "I sing too sharp for that,
You never catch me in a flat.
I choose the notes of higher pitch,
The Major has them—he is rich."

—*M. A. Childs, in Rambler.*

FAIR TYPEWRITERS.

Over Two Thousand of Them Employed in Chicago.

Both Intelligence and Good Looks a Recommendation—The Sunshine of Many Offices—"Ready for Action"—Two "Mashers'" Sad Fate.

The female typewriter is mostly a lively and good-looking young woman of eighteen to twenty. There are now over two thousand of them in Chicago, and the number is rapidly increasing. The reason for her youthfulness is found in the fact that the typewriting business is still in its infancy, while the fact of her good looks is merely another illustration of the laws of natural selection. Old girls do not learn new tricks in the way of earning a livelihood, and the young ones who have essayed the typewr ter w th success have not yet had time to grow old. The attractive and deceptive c'rculars of some typewriting and shorthand schools have led many thick-fingered B ddies to take a "type-writing course," but the invariable result in such cases has been that the aspiring females soon ret rned to their places in the kitchen sadder and wiser Biddies. Chicago is being educated to a high standard of taste in this matter. The female typewriter to be a success in this city must be not only young and good-looking, but refined, intelligent and educated—with the tact to repair her employer's grammatical breaks without injuring his dignity, and capable of throwing his few vague and heterogeneous thoughts, badly expressed, into a clear, concise, and expressive communication.

She gets to work either at eight or nine o'clock—at nine in lawyer's offices and some of the larger business houses, and at eight in the general run of business offices. She generally arrives about fifteen m nutes late, with a pleasant smile on her face, a pleasant "Good-morning" on her tongue, and a library novel and a lunch-box on her arm. After hanging up her hat and wrap in the closet and asking anxiously after the office boy's mother's rheumatism, she takes the cover off her machine and spends half an hour wiping it with a cloth and oiling its joints with a miniature oil-can. Then she steals a peep at the list of marr age licenses in the morning paper, after which she sticks a plug of chewing-gum or caramels in her mouth, hides her novel under her little apron, and settles down in her chair at the machine as though ready for business. But neither she nor her machine is yet rea y for work. She sticks a sheet of paper between the rollers and starts off briskly to write a private note to her darling Eleanor Alice, from whom she had a letter this morning. She goes along at a 2:40 gait for about ten seconds, when she suddenly stops and flings back the top of the machine with a vicious snap. Then she juggles the paper a minute, and fingers the cranks, and pulls a hair-pin from her back hair, and jabs it at the ribbon, and sticks her gum plug between the leaves of her novel, and slams back the machine into place, and starts again. It usually takes the girl and the machine about an hour every morning to come to an amicable arrangement by which work may proceed with smoothness and dispatch.

"They're all bright girls, every mother's son of them—I mean mother's daughter," said a man in the business, who had employed hundreds of the girls and sold thousands of the machines; "every one of them, sir, bright as a new dollar. Slouches have no place in this business. I'll tell you how I average them: First, they must be up to the average grade of female school teachers in intelligence and education; second, they must be up to the average of the saleswomen in the fashionable stores in the matter of good looks. You see a school-teacher needn't be good-looking, but she must be smart in her grammar and spelling and figures; while a high-class or highly-paid salesgirl needn't be of any education to speak of, but must be pretty and gracious. Now, typewriters must be both. A good education is absolutely necessary, and good looks and am ability are also necessary in order to obtain or retain a good position. Why? Well, I hardly know. I merely state the fact. I suppose it's human nature for people to like pretty faces near them. A pretty girl typewriter is a spot of everlastingly bright sunshine in a dreary office. The system has its disadvantages. The best of them, when they take the notion, will go off and marry regardless of who is inconvenienced. May be we shall have old maid typewriters by-and-by when the stock of pretty girls run out. At present the market is well stocked. My customers, I've noticed, always prefer pretty girls, and so I employ that kind."

"Do you give a girl in with every machine?"

"Like a chromo to a pound of tea or a piece of pie to every fifteen-cent meal? No, we don't. But if a man who buys a machine wants somebody to work it we can give him an expert hand. We always have a list of girls waiting to take situations."

There are about five thousand typewriting machines in use in the city. A large number of these are operated by their owners or by male operators, but about three thousand machines in use in the city are run by professional operators, and of these at least two thousand, it is estimated, are females. About three-fourths of these female operators are able to write short-hand—short-hand and type-writing now going hand in hand. It would seem as if in a very few years these young women will have a monopoly of the short-hand business. The number of male learners of the art of stenography is decreasing every year. In every business office of importance the type-writing operator takes her instructions in short-hand, the merchant dictating the substance of what he wants to say to his correspondents, and the young woman writing the letters on the machine at her leisure and having them all ready to sign before mail hour.

But all these dry details of the type-writing business are pretty well known to the public. What the public is perhaps not so well posted on is the etiquette of the typewriting machine. Future editions of books on etiquette will probably contain a chapter on type-written missives in their relation to social forms. Perhaps such a chapter is already published elsewhere. A reporter would be about the last one to see it, for he would be ashamed to be found dead with a book on etiquette in his possession. There is a legend related of a young woman in Hoosierdom who got mad when her lover sent her a letter written with a typewriter, and sharply replied to the effect that she wasn't to be wooed by machinery, and that all bets were off. This story is probably untrue, for Hoosier girls are not apt to turn up their noses at eligible young men, except for some radical fault. The serious questions suggested by the story are: First, Is it allowable to use a typewriting machine in polite, social and friendly correspondence? Second, Is it allowable to use it for love-letters? Third, Would a proposal of marriage written this way hold good in a breach of promise case in a court of law? These be questions that come home to all of us. The first question should be answered in the affirmative. The second question is a poser. If the young man has got it bad he may be glad to get any sort of a letter, and vice versa. The opinion of an authority in such matters is that the machine can be safely used up to a certain stage of the courtship and must then be discarded for the more warmly-appearing hand-writing. For instance, Miss Smythe, who operates a type-writer for Packer & Co., makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jones, a retail salesman, at a little friendly social. They become interested in each other. The stupid Jones does not know how to improve the acquaintance, much as he desires to do so, and for all he can do may probably never see her again. But Miss Smythe's womanly wit bridges the chasm. She writes to Mr. Jones—and here the type-writer is allowable—asking some little thing that will insure a reply and open Jones was to further acquaintance. She writes:

Dear Mr. Jones: I am sorry to trouble you, but I want so much to know, and I am quite sure you can tell me, who is the author of the beautiful little poem you recited that very pleasant evening at Mrs. Brown's. It began:

"Why doth my heart so strangely move?
Why am I sad and vexed?
Is it because I gave my love
Before that it was axed?"

Your sincere friend,
MARIE EDITH SMYTHE.

Then Jones will reply that the poem is by Mr. Browning, of London, and is entitled "Twixt Sappho and Charybdis," page 229, canto 48. If Jones is properly caught he will call around with a copy of the poem and invite Miss Smythe out to a quiet place in the park where they may read it together. Up to this point, and even further, type-written letters are permissible, but when Jones kisses Miss Smythe's hand at parting, and tells her what salary he has, and the sort of woman his mother is, and how it is his ambition to have a little home of his own with a congenial companion, it is proper that Miss Smythe's next note should be written altogether in her own hand-writing. Jones will like it. If this disquisition should be of help to young persons whose path to matrimonial bliss is blocked by this question of etiquette the writer will be amply repaid.

In a basement office on La Salle street a pretty typewriter sits at the front window in full view of the passers-by, and it is quite a common thing to see a row of mashers, or dudes, strung along the railing gazing down at the seemingly unconscious operator. The other day the young lady got annoyed by the persistent attentions of two Enlish-looking individuals, and sent the office-boy out to tell a policeman to warn them off. The officer the boy struck happened to be Steve Rowan of Tipperary, and if there is any one thing Steve likes worse than another it's a mutton-chop-whiskered Englishman. Very few words were exchanged between Steve and the Englishman before the latter made an insulting remark and Steve promptly marched the pair to the station, where they were liberated on promise to drop the masher business and let modest girls alone.

The typewriting-machine was invented by a Milwaukee editor in 1867. The benefits conferred to the world by editors will probably never be fully known. The Milwaukee editor had two partners, but as soon as he met a man with money, and willing to part with it, he froze the partners out and took in the capitalist. The machine has been improving ever since and is now rapidly going into general use. It looks as if the day were coming when the reporter will carry his printing machine around with him and print a speech or an interview while it is being spoken. The salaries of women typewriters range from $25 to $75 a month, with an average of about $45. When a bright girl has mastered the rudiments of short-hand and the typewriting machine she is usually able to get a situation at about $6 a week in an office where there is little to do and no hurry about it. After a year's practice she will be able to take a situation where more expert work is required, and where the salary is proportionately higher. A proficient young woman who can write shorthand rapidly from dictation and drive the writing machine at the rate of forty words a minute can command a salary of $12 to $15 a week. That these wages are too low very few who are not employers of labor will deny, and yet they are princely when compared with the salaries paid to young women in many of the big retail stores.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Heroic Colored Man.

Not long since a negro boy came very near being run over by the locomotive of a special train. Had it not been that uncle Mose, at the risk of his own life, seized the boy by the collar and jerked him backward just as the cow-catcher reached him, he would undoubtedly have been cut to pieces. A gentleman who witnessed the heroic act said to the old negro:

"I suppose you are the father of the boy?"

"No, sah; his fodder libs out in de country, and sends de boy to town to git his edification. De boy boards wid me, sah."

"You seem to take a great interest in him."

"Indeed I does, sah. His fodder owes me for two mumfs board ob dat boy; so you see dis ain't de right time to be run ober by de kars."—*Texas Siftings.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Herbs used in cooking should be pounded, sifted and put into bottles or tin boxes.—*Boston Post.*

—The *Farm Journal* is authority for the statement that the so-called "appetizers" for fattening stock consist largely of sugar. All animals like sugar, and will eat it when other food is refused.

—Lemon Cookies: One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one-half cup of warm water, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon essence and use just flour enough to roll out; bake in a quick oven.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Discolored tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap-suds, and rinse.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Corn Starch Cake: Two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, three-fourths cup of milk, the whites of six eggs, three-fourths of a cup of corn-starch, two cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder mixed into the flour; flavor with lemon.—*Boston Budget.*

—To keep worms and bugs of all kinds from books, sprinkle some insect powder on the shelves at the back, and tie a small piece of camphor in a cotton bag and place in the same place. This camphor bag is also a good thing to place in the piano to keep moth from the felt-pads.—*Chicago Times.*

—Skimmed milk and grass alone will raise good calves if the milk is abundant, and not allowed to become sour, says the *Agriculturist.* When too sour it causes scours, which counteracts its good effects. Skimmed milk is rich in albuminoids and phosphate of lime, thus giving a strong muscular and bony development. A little flax seed will improve it, as it prevents constipation.

—Mothers too often make the mistake of satiating their children with too great a variety. As soon as a child tires of one toy, for example, there is another substituted, and discontent is the certain result. The mother of four children, of whom the oldest was eight and the youngest two, told me that she had never had any trouble in amusing them, because they were taught to play a variety of plays with the least possible number of toys.—*Albany Journal.*

—Sugar Gingerbread: One cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter rubbed together; one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, and flour enough so that you can roll it out; place it in the pan, indent with a teaspoon, put a little speck of butter in the cavity, and so on through the dough, making these dents an inch apart, then sprinkle on cinnamon all over the top, and over that sprinkle granulated sugar, taking care always to have the sugar last. If you do not have sour milk, take instead two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with one of saleratus.—*The Courier.*

ORDER ON THE FARM.

Harmony and Punctuality Important for Success in Every Calling.

Many farmers fail in making their farms profitable from want of order. Whether on a small farm where the work is all done by the owner, or on a large farm where the work is done by several hands, there must be a regular and early hour for rising in the morning. Each hand or man should know, on the evening previous, what is to be done the next day. If chores are his first employment, he can go at them without waiting for orders. If he is to use a team, he can have it fed, curried and harnessed ready, the wagon or implement he is to use can be oiled and in place, ready to hitch to.

The proprietor must make stories short with common callers and yet be courteous. He can by a judicious system and the study of the situation incourage any ambitious help to excel in their labors. Be always at home to counsel, direct and aid in all departments. Strive to cultivate a good feeling between laborer and employer. Have stated times for meals, for milking and commencing the regular work, also for retiring from the field. Make the farm produce superior crops and also strive to raise the best kinds.

All products of the farm, garden, vineyard or dairy should be put up honestly, yet in the most attractive manner for market.

If business or pleasure takes you away from the farm let the family know the precise hour of your return, and let them know by your punctuality that your engagements are reliable. Make all worthy hands, boys on the farm o female help in the house, feel that they are your equal in rights and respectability.

Order, harmony and punctuality are important for success in any enterprise, whether on the farm, in the work-shop or the store.—*D. H. Morris, in Western Plowman.*

FANCY SWINE.

How to Obtain New Vigor Without Parting with Marketable Shape.

Those who have bred and fed the finer kinds of swine can hardly be expected to take a step backward, parting with any portion of the shapeliness to which they have been accustomed. It may not be wise to do this, but an important question is, how can those who breed for feeding purposes mainly, or wholly, keep up the symmetry, easy fattening tendency and general style which belongs to a first-class market hog? After a score or more of years have been occupied by the advocates of in-and-in breeding, and they have been numerous, the list of these has dwindled down, and those possessed of intelligence, and who have kept their eyes open, keep up this advocacy in a manner greatly modified, and qualify their sayings more than formerly. The best framed sentences in advocacy of a practice, the results of which an observing man, though he runs can see, count for but little, and eventually fall to the ground entirely if the outcropping proofs point in a direction opposite to the arguments.

Improvement as regards swine bred for feeding, can be effected easily, without parting with shapeliness or fattening tendeney, simply by crossing one breed of improved swine with another, the two having no direct kinship or blood in common. The great refinement found in high-bred swine in general, undeniably weakens the vitality of the hog and his powers of resisting disease. Now, in the crossing of two opposite breeds, though both are what are termed fine, new vigor is obtained without parting with the marketable shape, and in place of lessening the fattening tendency this is manifestly increased.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—Three hundred and forty patients were admitted to the insane asylum at Napa, Cal., during the past year.

The British Empire.

It is pointed out that the British Empire extends over a far larger territory than that which was governed by ancient Rome, the superficies of the latter being one million and a half square leagues. No English speaking people is under foreign rule, whilst Britain governs nearly three hundred million individuals belonging to all nations and speaking all the languages of the world; as, for instance, Germans (Heligoland), Spaniards (Gibraltar), Greeks, Italians, Turks (Cyprus), Arabs (Aden), Dutch (Africa), French (Mauritius), Chinese, Indians, Persians (Asia), etc.—*Christian Union.*

THE COCAINE HABIT.

The Worst Slavery Known—New Revelations of Power.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed "thank heaven!"

But useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the deadening of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating, but the thraldom is the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, O., was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said: "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half a year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Dr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one, but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hall, A. M., M. D., president of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and a famed practitioner, and Alexander Neil, M. D., professor of surgery in the Columbus Medical College, and president of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known, Rev. W. P. Clancey, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins, and so can H. C. Wilson, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now associated with me."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public; but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I, for years made a close study of the effects of the habits on the system and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hall, Dr. Neil and Mr. Wilson, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others, equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until those organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of medical science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these close investigations we all substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation, was Warner's safe cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's safe cure, then with our own private treatment, and followed up again with Warner's safe cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is a world famed and justly celebrated specific! Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I have said that, young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys."

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet owing to the fact that there are but few nerves of sensation in them the subject will not experience much pain therein. On this account thousands of people die every year of kidney disease unknowingly. They have so called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, for the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr. Stephens's experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only more emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he refers to is without any doubt the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

A TURN-STYLE—The fashion of wearing cuffs among impecunious dudes.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Common Sense

Should be exercised in taking a remedy for catarrh. It is caused by impurity in the blood; hence the proper method of cure is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and has had wonderful success in curing catarrh. Give it a trial. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I suffered severely from chronic catarrh, arising, I believe, from impure blood. It became very bad, causing much soreness of the bronchial tubes, and a troublesome cough, which gave great anxiety to my friends and myself, as two brothers died from bronchial consumption. I tried many advertised medicines for catarrh, both inhaling and internal; but it was simply money thrown away, as I received no benefit. I was at last induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in health or feelings. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entire well, and a dyspeptic trouble accompanied by sick headache have all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN, 35 Chambers Street, Boston.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. R. BUTLER, Master of Arts, Cambridge University, England, says: "St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic."

WE may not like hotel-keepers, but we have to put up with them.

THE old chaps who wore armor were the first mail carriers.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"

will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

PEOPLE going on an excursion are so happy to get home that they are glad they went.

WHEN a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

THERE is an unwritten law that gives the wild Texas steer the right of way.—*Boston Post.*

• • • • Nervous debility, premature decline of power in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

STUCK up—The bent pin you sat on.—*Danville Breeze.*

AH, THAT TWINGE! Why, you're rheumatic. Seek relief from Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

THE idea of Boston being the hub tires us. We have spoke.—*Puck.*

THE buzz saw has an off hand way with new acquaintances.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" a simple but sure remedy.

MUSH ROOMS—Cheap restaurants.—*New Haven News.*

PISO'S Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

AFTER all it is a bad child that gets the palm.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE clothes of navigation—a coat of ice.—*Boston Bulletin.*

OXYGEN CURE. Throat, lung, nervous diseases. Book free. Dr. Geppert, Cincinnati, O.

THE ocean is like a good housewife—very tidy.—*Boston Post.*

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found. **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily. **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by *men* the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In *women* the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

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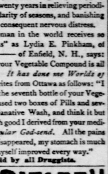

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SPENCER COOPER, : : EDITOR.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

WEDNESDAY.........MARCH 16, 1887

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Hon. R. M. Pieratt, of Ezel, Morgan county, as a candidate for the State Senate from this the Thirty-fourth District, subject to action of the Democratic party.

Remember that every time you answer a catch-penny advertisement, the sum spent for the paper in which you saw the advertisement and the amount you send away for the pinch-back jewelry and sun-dial watches, would help just that much towards supporting your home paper; you should bear in mind, also, that THE HERALD is working for your substantial aid. It is working to secure good prices for stock and produce, and at the same time cheapen groceries, clothing, medicines, &c. It can and will do all these things, if each man will assist it. One dollar is not much for each one to pay, but in the aggregate the sum thus realized would enable us to do great good for this country.

Rev. Bruce Trimble, formerly of this place, but now of Orange, California, writes of that country, and says the climate is delightful. He ought to have invested his money in his native hills and helped the development that is soon to come. He may yet find, notwithstanding the mildness of that climate, that it was "a cold day" when he purchased property out there instead of trying to develop the hills upon which he was wont to feed his father's flocks. Bye-and-bye this country will be developed and the people will wallow in wealth. Then will our young friend realize "what might have been," and regret that he did not remain on his native heath and feed his Master's sheep.

The death of Hon. Joseph Gardner has cast a gloom of sadness over this part of the State which time alone can dispel. He was an embodiment of all elements of the model man—a fond husband, affectionate father, firm friend and consistent christian. Though his early life was outside the pale of the church, he was ever a moral man, who responded to all appeals for charity with a liberal hand. A year ago he united with the Presbyterian Church, and was in full fellowship when he died.

At Birmingham, Ala., eggs are selling at 40 cents a dozen, sweet milk 50 cents a gallon, butter 50 cents a pound, butter milk 25 cents gallon, and Irish potatoes at $2 per bushel. The same prices can be obtained by the farmers of this section for all they produce, if they will only assist their home paper, and help it bring monied men here to develop our resources.

As a people we are too poor to develop the great wealth that abounds, but there is not a man, or scarcely one in the mountains, who can not spare one dollar to support his home paper, that the paper may be enabled to develop it, by bringing capitalists among us. Every farmer in the mountains should subscribe for his home paper.

Harris and Hill seems to be the ticket most acceptable to the Democrats of this section just now, and Buckner Berry haven't much of a show. The Republicans pin their faith to Col. W. O. Bradley for Governor, but do not seem to have united upon his lieutenant.

The Clark County Democrat has changed hands, but the property is still possessed in the family. Mr. D. C. Lisle retires from the tripod, and his brother, Mr. M. C. Lisle will mount it. We wish the new editor success in his venture.

Lexington and Winchester have joined hands in their determination to secure the Kentucky Union railroad. It will doubtless be soon constructed through those towns, and take the route suggested in these columns a few weeks ago.

Renew your subscription to THE HERALD today, and get your neighbor to take it, also. Let us all pull together. No matter in what part of the mountains you may live, you will be rewarded for your outlay.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I'll pay for THE HERALD before I go to bed.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIME.

A LAND WHERE SNOW IS PERPETUAL AND FLOWERS NEVER PINE.

Rev. Bruce Trimble, a Native of Hazel Green, Describes His New Home on the Pacific Slope.

ORANGE, CAL., Feb. 21, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR: Inasmuch as my former letters have not appeared in your columns, I now ask that you give me a line, yes a line and a half, or two lines, while I tell of some things in the distant West. It is not my intention to give California a "send-off." She needs none. In fact, for my own pleasure, she is already too far off—from Kentucky. Now, Mr. Editor, don't think that I am homesick or discouraged with my prospects, physical, financial, or social. By the inexperienced California is thought to be a land flowing with milk and honey, where flowers perpetually bloom and the sweet-voiced birds never cease their songs. With a slight change, I would modestly say: "Them's my sentiments." I am pleased with my new home. My health is good, so is my appetite, for I fare sumptuously every day. They say I look better—handsomer perhaps. My present fighting weight is about 149 lbs. 7 ozs. If I continue to grow I will be a large man. Like most, or many Eastern people who come to this State, I have invested in real estate. Near Pomona I bought twenty acres unimproved, and in Pomona five residence lots, also four in Santa Ana, three miles from Orange. For the information of friends in general and the curious in particular, will say that these residence lots are not for my own occupancy. Am only speculating.

There are many friends in Kentucky to whom I would enjoy writing if there were time for such a pleasure. Through your columns an opportunity is given for a few words. California must not be so praised that all residents of Mt. Sterling will desire to come here. Such an all-embracing depopulation must not be allowed.

Orange is a small town near the Santa Ana river bed, one mile from the depot of the Southern Pacific, and thirty-two miles from Los Angeles, the rapidly growing city of more than 40,000. The population of the Orange precinct is about 2,000. The town has five churches, an attractive public-school building recently erected at a cost of $10,000, one weekly newspaper, several stores of general merchandise, a public reading room, &c., and is surrounded by a fruit-growing district. Near-by, in Anaheim, is a large winery. The Muscat (raisin) grape, apricot, fig, lemon and orange are the principal fruits in this valley. During the past two years scale-bugs have greatly damaged the orange groves. The fruit men hope to discover a deadly remedy for this pest; but if they do not succeed, Southern California has many attractions and profitable enterprises without the orange. There are many valuable orange groves in the county and in this neighborhood, some of which yield as much as $500 per acre annually. Certain localities are adapted to certain kinds of fruit. Geraniums, roses of rare fragrance aud beauty, calla lillies, and other flowers grow in yards all winter. On Saturday while walking in the country I counted, without entering the yard, more than forty calla lilies. It was a beautiful sight to me, accustomed to the severities of winter. At another home I saw a geraneum which had sent its branches high among the limbs of a pine. I had no way for measuring its length. The gentleman said it was between twenty-five and thirty feet long. There were but few flowers on it. In Mt. Sterling there have been snow, ice, sleet, and sharp winds since I left, have there not, Mr. Editor? "A few," you reply, as you whistle and draw your overcoat closely around you. I have been there. Here is a weather report from Orange. Once the thermometer fell to 28° two or three times to 30°, oftener to 32°, but is usually between 40° and 50° early in the morning, rises rapidly, and has reached 80°. One heavy rain at intervals during ten days has fallen this winter; two showers before this. At Modena, five miles nearer the foot hills, the cold has not been so intense(?) Soon the fields and hills will be covered with grass, flowers, and weeds. The farmers in this country cannot depend upon the rain fall. Irrigation is always necessary for oranges and lemons, and as a rule for other fruits, and often for barley and grasses. Water is an important item in this country.

Through Bro. Tibbs you have heard of "Old Baldy's" surrounding mountains. It is more than 10,000 feet high. Heavy snow covers its top and far down the sides. From my veranda I can see much of this mountain which usually appears to be not more than three or four miles distant, sometime less, but which is, on air-line, between fifty-five and seventy. The deception is remarkable. Account for it as you may. Perhaps you will explain by saying: Bruce, it is so because you are near-sighted.

On January 31 I went to visit Bro. Tibbs, and stayed four days. This was very enjoyable, a real treat. A letter from him yesterday reports his family in usual health. He thinks Mr. Patterson has improved some since I was there. Four Kentucky families at Pomona, and still they come. Who next? Remember Orange before locating elsewhere. You will be enthusiastically received. Now, Mr. Editor, in return for these lines, I ask that you, as my proxy, shake hands with my many friends, express my best wishes for their success and happiness, and answer the thousand and one questions which would be asked if I were in Mt. Sterling, concerning how I like California—when and why I came—am I going back to the land of sunshine, etc., etc. My next letter will be something else.—Sentinel-Democrat.

Happiness depends very much on the condition of the liver and kidneys. The ills of life make but little impression on those whose digestion is good. You can regulate your liver and kidneys with Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

THE NEWS.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

—Mrs. Jane Beck, wife of US. Senator Jas. B. Beck, died in Washington City on the 6th inst., of inflammation of the stomach and bowels. She was a native of Virginia and aged about sixty-one years. Her maiden name was Thornton, and she was one of the nearest living relatives of George Washington. She was also a half-sister of Col. Dick Clark, of Winchester.

—Hon. James H. Mulligan has been nominated by the Democrats of Lexington for re-election as Representative to the Kentucky Legislature. He has succeeded himself two or three times before, and has always been an ardent worker for that city's interests. Hon. Philip P. Johnston secured the nomination from Fayette county over two competitors.

—The State College at Lexington will receive $15,000 per annum under the provisions of the bill recently passed by Congress establishing experimental stations at all the agricultural colleges of the United States. Prof. Patterson thinks it will be of great benefit to the school.

—Christian county has a fund of $80,000 subscribed to build turnpikes. John Latham, Jr., the banker of New York, and a native of Christian, headed the list with $50,000.

—A Hardin county man paid $25 rent for three acres of tobacco ground. He raised 875 pounds, which after expense of marketing, left a net balance of $1.68.

—A fire at Danville, on the 8th, destroyed the grain elevator and mill belonging to Potts & Proctor. Loss about $35,000; insured for $23,500.

—Col. A. W. Hamilton, of Montgomery, sometime since spoken of as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, declines to make the race.

—Judge Charles Lytle is a candidate for the State Senate from the 30th Senatorial district, which includes Carlisle, Cynthiana, &c.

—Sixty-four young physicians have been promulgated to a world of unsuspecting patients by the Louisville Medical College.

—Since the middle of December last Nicholasville has lost $100,000 by fires; many of them the work of incendiaries.

Gov. Knott has appointed April 9th as "Arbor Day," and requests everybody to plant a tree on that day.

—W. S. McChesney, sen., has been appointed postmaster at Lexington, vice H. K. Milward, removed.

—The Knights of Labor at Prestonsville, Carroll county, elected their full ticket for town officers.

—The legal voters of Louisville will vote on the locol option question at the Augut election.

—H. P. Cooper is a candidate for the Legislature from Marion county.

—Susan K. Burch has been appointed postmaster at Georgetown.

GENERAL AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Oil in paying quantities has been discovered at Vance's Station, Ala.

In the police court at Cincinnati a negro girl was fined $500 for contempt of court.

A company is boring for oil and gas at Galipolis, Ohio, and have gone down 1600 feet. The indications are good.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has passed into the hands of Alfred Sully, of New York, who now controls 16,000 miles of track.

Atlanta, Ga., a short time since closed the saloons, and now all the gambling shops have been shut up. That city is working big reforms.

Indians and half-breeds of Rolette county, Dakota, refused to pay their taxes, and the sheriff seized their stock. The Indians were reinforced, and recaptured it. Gov. Church ordered an investigation, and will furnish troops to suppress the Indians (400 armed) and make them pay up.

Dr. Rogers, of Henry county, Ind., recently killed a hog which for size is ahead of anything in that line. The animal measured seven feet and three inches in length. Its girth was six feet and one inch, and it weighed 600 pounds. Exclusive of the sides it yielded twenty gallons of lard and six gallons of sausage meat.

Henry Ward Beecher, for forty years pastor of Plymouth Church, New York, died on the 8th inst. He preached his maiden sermon when twenty-two of age, at Batavia, O., in what was then the First Presbyterian Church, but which has since been used as a livery stable. He was one of the most gifted pulpit orators in the world, ranking with Spurgeon, of London, and Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN MENIFEE.

J. M. Oliver Captures the Instructions for Representative From This District.

FRENCHBURG, KY., March 7.—The Democratic County Committee met pursuant to a former call, to count the vote of the various precincts in Menifee county between the candidates for Representative in the next Legislature. After counting the vote we find that the result is as follows: J. H. Williams 127, J. H. Wells 150, and J. M. Oliver 164 votes, and J. M. Oliver is declared the Democratic nominee by said County Committee to represent the counties of Menifee, Montgomery, Powell and Wolfe, and we respectfully ask the endorsement of Montgomery, Powell and Wolfe counties. The committee and chairman of this meeting are declared delegates to the General Convention, and they are instructed to cast the vote of Menifee county for J. M. Oliver in convention, and it is ordered that these proceedings be published in THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and the Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat.

The meeting then adjourned.

ALFRED COMBS,
Chairman, pro tem.

D. L. GILLESPIE, Secretary.

A Genial Restorative.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are emphatically a genial restorative. The changes which this great botanic remedy produces in the disordered organization are always agreeably, though surely progressive, never abrupt and violent. On this account it is admirably adapted to persons of delicate constitution and weak nerves, to whom the powerful mineral drugs are positively injurious. That it initiates those processes which result in the re-establishment of healthful vigor is conspicuously shown in cases where it is taken to overcome that fruitful cause of debility, indigestion, coupled, as it usually is, with billiousness and constipation. Thorough digestion, regular evacuasion and abundant secretion, are results which promptly and invariably attend its systematic use. It is, besides, the best protective against malaria, and a first rate diuretic.

DEATH OF HON JOE GARDNER.

He Delivers a Speech at Frankfort, Announces His Candidacy for Lieutenant-Governor, and Dies of Apoplexy.

A Frankfort special to the Louisville Courier Journal, March 7th, says: Hon. Joseph H. Gardner, of Salyersville, Magoffin county, died suddenly at half-past six this evening of apoplexy. Mr. Gardner came here last evening from Georgia, where he had been to sell a lot of horses, in which business he has engaged for years, and this afternoon at the court house, made an address to the people of the county, announcing his candidacy for Lieutenant Governor. He went to his room at the residence of his uncle, Mr. H. P. Williams, immediately afterward, and complained of feeling unwell. He laid down on the bed, and in a few moments he said that his mind was greatly confused and that he felt a dizziness in the head. Physicians were summoned and applied batteries, but apoplexy had already accomplished its fatal work, and death speedily closed his life.

Mr. Gardner was a handsome gentleman, of fifty-two years of age; of splendid physique, agreeable in manners, and though modest and unassuming, of such grace and cultivation as made him an object of high regard by all who met him. He began life at the old Gardner homestead at the Burning Springs, on the headwaters of the Licking River, which was a famous resort for politicians in the earlier days of the Commonwealth. In his younger days he carried on the business of merchandising, but latterly his time has been occupied with his farm and live stock. In 1865 he was elected to the Legislature and in 1869–'73, and again in 1875–'79 represented his district in the State Senate. He has been a candidate for Congress at various times before the convention, and in more instances than one has been known to yield his claims to insure harmony and unbroken organization in the Democratic party, of which he has always been an earnest and able partisan. By diligent and intelligent management of a small inheritance, he has accumulated a competency in ready money and large and valuable tracts of land in Magoffin and other counties of Eastern Kentucky.

His body will be shipped tomorrow to his home, where his wife, children and grand-children are now assembled in all the joyousness of life, unconscious of his death, and beyond the reach of means to convey the sad intelligence.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

As administrator of A. J. Cox, deceased, I will be at the following places on the days designated for the purpose of making settlement with all who are indebted to the estate:

CAMPTON, MARCH 7, 1887,
(County Court Day.)
HAZEL GREEN, MARCH 16, 1887,
(Regular Stock Sale Day.)
MAYTOWN, MARCH 17, 1887.

Those having claims against the estate will be allowed three months to file the same, after which they will be barred, and all of said claims must be properly proven and certified according to law.

A. B. LANDRUM, Administrator.

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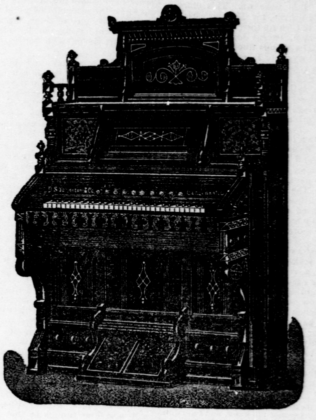

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For terms of tuition and further information apply to W. O. Mize Hazel Green, Ky., or J. W. McGarvey Lexington.

Trustees—J. T. Day, G. B. Swango, W. O. Mize, Hazel Green, and Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Lexington, Ky.

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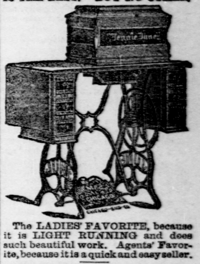

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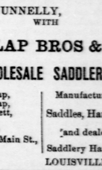

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